Imply the countenance and grace of heau'n,
As a falſe fauorite doth his princes name:
In deedes diſhonorable you haue tane vp,
Vnder the counterfeited zeale of God,
The ſubiects of his ſubſtitute my father,
And both againſt the peace of heauen and him,
Haue here vpſwarmd them.
Biſhop Good my Lord of Lancaſter,
I am not here againſt your fathers peace,
But as I told my lord of Weſtmerland,
The time miſordred doth in common ſenſe,
Crowd vs and cruſh vs to this monſtrous forme,
To hold our ſafety vp: I ſent your grace,
The parcells and particulars of our griefe,
The which hath beene with ſcorne ſhoued from the court,
Whereon this Hidra, ſonne of warre is borne,
Whoſe dangerous eies may well be charmd aſleepe,
With graunt of our moſt iuſt, and right deſires,
And true obedience of this madnes cured,
Stoope tamely to the foote of maieſtie.
Mow. If not, we ready are to trie our fortunes,
To the laſt man.
Haſt. And though we here fal downe,
We haue ſupplies to ſecond our attempt,
If they miſcarry, theirs ſhal ſecond them,
And ſo ſucceſſe of miſchiefe ſhall be borne,
And heire from heire ſhall hold his quarrell vp,
Whiles England ſhall haue generation.
Prince You are too ſhallow Haſtings, much too ſhallow,
To ſound the bottome of the after times.
Weſt. Pleaſeth your grace to anſwere them directly,
How far forth you do like their articles.
Prince I like them all, and do allow them well,
And ſweare here by the honour of my bloud,
My fathers purpoſes haue beene miſtooke,
And ſome about him haue too lauiſhly,

Wreſted his meaning and author
My Lord, theſe griefes ſhall be wi
Vppon my ſoule they ſhal, if this
Diſcharge your powers vnto thei
As we will ours, and here betwee
Lets drinke together friendly and
That all their eies may beare thoſe
Of our reſtored loue and amitie.
Biſhop I take your princely wor
I giue it you, and will maintaine my
And therevpon I drinke vnto you
Prince Go Captaine, and deliu
This newes of peace, let them hau
I know it will well pleaſe them, hie
Biſhop To you my noble lord o
Weſt. I pledge your grace, and i
I haue beſtowed to breed this pre
You would drinke freely, but my l
Shall ſhew it ſelfe more openly her
Biſhop I do not doubt you.
Weſt. I am glad of it,
Health to my Lord, and gentle coſ
Mow. You wiſh me health in ve
For I am on the ſodaine ſomething
Biſhop Againſt ill chaunces men
But heauineſſe fore-runnes the goo
Weſt. Therefore be mery coze,
Serues to ſay thus, ſome good thing
Biſhop Beleeue me I am paſſing
Mow. So much the worſe if your
Prin. The word of peace is rendr
Mow. This had bin cheerefull aft
Biſhop A peace is of the nature of
For then both parties nobly are ſubd
And neither party looſer.
Prince Go my lord,

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